

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

WORKING FOR THE PUBLIC.

How the Average Street Laborer Manages to Kill Time in the City.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)  
The efforts of the east, about whom we have read so much and who take such ordinary pains to kill time, should take lessons from any of the workers in the public department of New York. The average street laborer kills time with less effort and more success than the most accomplished of the efforts of the east. One day I sat near a front window and observed the actions of a gang of four men who came to open up a portion of the street. It was a day that was alternately sultry and rainy—just the sort of a day to stay in doors—and I had an extended opportunity of observing the actions of the gang. It was about 8 o'clock when I first went to the window. They were all four sitting in a row on the curb stone like so many blackbirds on the bough of a tree. They wore overalls, flannel shirts and various headgear, and as they chewed tobacco, the four jaws rose and fell in unison. A picturesque assortment of pipes and shovels was piled in front of them.

When I glanced out an hour later they were still staring thoughtfully at the pavement and moving their jaws mechanically. Then the boss, after much effort, succeeded in getting a jointed foot measure, about the size of a pumpkin, out of his overall pocket and began to measure off a section of the street about ten feet long and six wide. The others looked at him with the casual interest of men who were about to go to work. Presently the foreman flew into a great passion, scowled and began to blow up the men. He swore like a canal boat captain, black-guarded the men roundly and then abruptly went over and sat down besides them, and then the others paid not the slightest attention to him. At this point it began to sprinkle, and the quartette journeyed heavily to a neighboring area, where they sat down comfortably on the stones and lighted their pipes. It rained about fifteen minutes.

Two hours later the men were again at "work." They had by this time, amid a perfect whirlwind of words, succeeded in mapping out their work, and they were yanking up the stones by means of crowbars and pickaxes. The boss sat on a neighboring fireplug and yelled at them encouragingly. After a mighty effort they succeeded in loosening the stones, and then they all journeyed to the area again and spent an hour eating their dinners. After this they came out slowly, one after another, looked at the stones, looked up and down the street, stretched, yawned and began to pile up the stones in the middle of the street. This was designed to protect horses from stumbling into the hole. It also served to almost entirely blockade the street.

There was now a rectangular piece of about six by ten feet from which the stones had been removed, and which gained thereby a depth of about six inches. Having cleared all the stones out of the space, the gang sat down again on the gutter to admire it, and suddenly it began once more to rain. They all retreated into the area and presently the boss sent two of them forth armed with bailers. One had an old tomato can and the other a sauceman. It was raining hard and the hole was full of water. One of the laborers took up a position at either end of the six-inch excavation and began to bail it out. The rain beat down upon their broad backs, but they bailed on faithfully for nearly two hours, not the faintest effort resulting from their efforts; they might as well have tried to bail out the Atlantic ocean with a couple of tinbails. When the rain stopped they stopped, too, and went back to the area, leaving the space completely filled with water. Later on they succeeded in loosening the stones a little before they then they shouldered their picks and shovels and went stealthily away.

Chicago Bureaucrats of Noted Men.

(Chicago News.)  
Did you ever notice what striking resemblances to noted men you can discover on the street? For instance a counterfeiter's presentation of "Burr" Tweed can be found in the baggage of the "Saxton." The same figure, the same eyes, the same head, narrow at the top and broad in the chin, and the same beard which Nax made so familiar to us all. When Tweed took French leave and skipped to Spain "John" was at the Tremont, and was bothered night and day by the people who stared at him, thinking him the "boss" in disguise. Another Sherman house employee, a man striking likeness to a noted man. This is in a letter written "Barney," who is a good copy of Sammie Tilden. George C. Minn, the actor, prides himself on a fancied resemblance to the first Napoleon, and there are a number of people who think they look like the hero of the third empire.

There are plenty of men who look like Vanderbilt, and there is a New York drummer who so greatly resembles ex-President Arthur that he causes a sensation every time he registers at the Grand Pacific. Grant's beard is often imitated and a resemblance created. The number of people who think they look like great personages is legion. There was a man here who fancied he was a copy of the Chaudes picture of Shakespeare, and there are lots of Englishmen who try to look like the prince of Wales.

We have received a circular issued by an enterprising dealer in hides, catkins, pelts, tallow, bones, etc., who does business at Sherbrooke market. The circular is headed "How to realize the highest prices for catkins." It contains a number of directions for skinning culvers and curing catkins. Here is the first: "Split the skin from the breast to the jaw, and skin down each side enough so that the throat can be cut without cutting the skin crosswise, as in this way the cheek of the skin is saved, while if it is cut in the least across the throat, the head is worthless." If this precious advice is followed it involves commencing the operation of skinning the cat before killing it. After some further directions, we are informed that skins so prepared will be in better condition and worth from 5 to 15 cents more than they would have been if properly taken off and cured. This is in Canada.

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Mrs. Ann Lindsey, a sister of Mrs. M. J. Harris, died at Mr. A. C. Smith's last Sunday at 6 P. M., of flux, after an illness of some two weeks.

—A case of wife beating was tried before Squire Garnett last Saturday. The party tried was one Powell from near Bee Lick, in the extreme end of the county. Powell was held over in the sum of \$100 to keep the peace towards his better half.

—Mrs. Sarah Beddow, widow of the late Robt. Beddow, who had been living with Pale King for several months, was found dead in bed Saturday morning, having died some time during the night, the family being unconscious of the fact until next morning, when Squire Garnett was summoned and held an inquest, the verdict of the jury being that "death was caused from heart disease." The remains were interred in Old Fellows Cemetery Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—W. K. Buchanan has rented White Montgomery's "Whitley farm" at \$300 per year, with privilege of five years; and L. M. Lasley rented of W. K. Buchanan his house and lot in town for \$160 per year. J. Will James bought of Jacob Guest his residence in the suburbs of town and 80 acres of land adjoining same at \$61 per acre. This is the cheapest place sold in this county for years. The improvements, consisting of a substantial brick dwelling and all necessary outbuildings, are alone worth the money paid for the whole.

—Miss Sabra Hays, of this county, is staying with her sister, Mrs. R. H. Brown, and attending Prof. Hawes' school. Miss Nellie Stone, of Somerset, is visiting Miss Louanna James. Rev. Mr. Green, of Georgetown College, preached at the Baptist church Sunday morning and night. Mrs. Wilmore, of Jessamine county, is visiting the family of Capt. F. W. Dillon. Prof. Hawes' school is gradually increasing in numbers. Both parents and teachers are delighted with his manner of teaching, which is after the most approved methods taught in our best colleges.

Donnan's Mackey's Wealth.

(Chicago Herald.)

Mr. Mackey never was richer than \$30,000,000,000 on paper. He has been known as the richest inventor of any of the bonanza men. He never yet made an investment, except in government or state bonds, which yielded a dollar of income. All his speculative investments have come to naught. He gives away vast sums, squanders other vast sums, and we all know what Mrs. Mackey accomplishes in the way of expenditure.

One day, in front of the Nevada bank, in San Francisco, Mr. Mackey read in a paper handed to him an absurd statement that Mrs. Mackey had offered to buy the Aro de Triumphi, in Paris, for 2,000,000 francs. "You may say," said John W. in his broad north of Ireland accent, "that Mrs. Mackey is no fool, and neither is John Mackey. This is a don't do, sir. An' you may say, that if John Mackey was fool enough to pay for that arch or any other arch, legal, sir, he don't know where he is—but the money is comin' from. They've bled me, sir, like a pack of wolves. They say Mrs. Mackey has spent \$500,000 a year in Europe. It's a don't do, sir. She lives like a lady, and I want her to do so, but, begad, \$500,000 pays all her expenses, balls and all, for a whole year. They said the other day she spent \$50,000 on a single ball to Grey or somebody—that know who he is—but that is a lie, sir. She don't spend \$50,000 in a whole year in Paris. Say that, will you, sir?"

Mr. Mackey was sincere in this. Mrs. Mackey is not near the spendthrift that a lot of romance writers try to make her out. Yet John's own admission that her expenditures were \$50,000 a year, or thereabouts, is enough to make workers good and people of small means weep. Fifty thousand a year to do with as they please! Just for a woman and a woman's prill! A woman, daughter of a barber in Downsville, Cal., in 1856, now "Col." J. H. Hungerford, of the Boulevard des Capucines—the knightly father-in-law of the great "American Miles," at the French love to call Mackey. After all, it is a stupendous joke. And the Prince Teufeldrake of Italy, who married the youngest of the barbers' daughters, is a year to his wife's away! Just for a woman and a woman's prill! The greatest house of Italy, who married Mackey's step-daughter—her father was a poor little druggist in a mining camp in Nevada City. Could any rough or vigorous romance ever find such expression!

For Science Only.

(Huffalo Courier.)

Maybridge, the photographer who has been taking pictures of the animals at the Philadelphia Zoological gardens, is to photograph McCaffrey, the pugilist artist, in the net of pounding an opponent. The pictures are to be taken purely in the interest of science, under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, and engraved plates of them are to appear in books to be published by the university. The object, of course, is to illustrate the play of the human muscles in the movements of the body. This recalls the fact that John Ruskin, in one of his works on art, describes Tom Allen, the famous English pugilist of a former generation, as possessing a near approach to a perfect human figure. Young women who read Ruskin, therefore, have been known to set their masculine friends rummaging through print shops after pictures of the redoubtable Tom in fighting costume.

Italy's Commercial Museum.

(Frank Leslie's Illustrated.)

The Italian government has established in Turin a commercial museum, having for its object a permanent exhibition of all the different samples of goods which are manufactured and consumed in every country of the world. The exhibition will include also raw materials and exhibits of the methods of packing and marketing goods in the various markets of the world. American manufacturers desiring to take part in this exhibition, with samples of their productions, may forward them to the consulate general in New York city, charges paid, and the goods will be carefully sent to their destination.

A London publisher insists that Longfellow is not known as an American by more than half his readers in England.

PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Rev. Joseph Ballou commenced a protracted meeting at Fairview on the 15th.

—James Douglass is conductor on the hand car now, vice Billy Brown resigned.

—Mr. Bourne Gover, of Lincoln, is in this vicinity with a large flock of sheep. We think he is trying to kill two birds with one stone. He is trying to sell sheep and capture a deer, too.

—Two gentlemen were heard discussing the hard times the other day, when one of them said: "That is what the democratic reform does for us; and the times will get harder and harder until we elect another republican president."

—Madam Rumor has it that there will be a wedding in this vicinity in less than a week, but as the prospective groom is on the old bachelor's list and is a little timid, we will not call any names for fear that he might change his notion.

—Miss Ella Joplin went to her home at Mt. Vernon on a visit Friday. She was accompanied by Mrs. J. W. Smith. Mr. Henry Wallace took in the exposition last week. Mr. Wm. Brown, section boss, and who has been acting in that capacity for 17 long years, has resigned and will go into the merchandising business at Lowell. The Railroad Company should have promoted him to a lucrative position and kept him in the service the rest of his life, for he is a nice, clever gentleman and we wish him success in his new undertaking; and hope that after he has handled the yard stick 17 years that he will have enough of the filthy lucre to retire from business.

Ladies' bustles are used so extensively as a means of emulating that the Berneese customs officers have published a notice declaring that these "appendages" must henceforth be searched, though with the necessary politeness.

Causes of McCullough's Sleeplessness.

(Minneapolis Tribune.)

John McCullough, the once famous tragedian, became insane on account of a loss of sleep," said a gentleman to your correspondent. "Yes," he continued, "I was a member of John's troupe for several years, and often said that if he didn't quit going around of nights he would go crazy."

"Did McCullough suffer from insomnia?"

"No," replied the actor; "and the cause of his not sleeping was very peculiar. John McCullough, unlike other tragedians, would not wear a wig in his make-up for the characters of the crazed, but he would have his hair-dresser curl his hair, so as to represent the frothy of the lunatic. The hair-dresser curled the hair by means of a hot iron, and used frequently to burn McCullough's scalp, when the tragedian would curse and strike at his servant. I used to see McCullough sit with a knife in his hand all the time his hair was being curled, repeating the assertion that if his scalp was burned, he would cut the attendant's throat. Well, three or four years ago his scalp had been burned in so many places that it was covered with little irritating sores. When he went to bed he couldn't rest his head, and couldn't sleep; and so, being of a roving disposition, he went out and spent the night with the boys. That was the real reason why he would get out of his bed and go out and spend the night. He could not sleep with such irritating pain, and the loss of sleep drove him insane."

He Gave the General Away.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

Gen. Blank was to make a speech at a reunion at Winona. He has the reputation of being a temperate man, and as his reputation came to him without his asking, he is somewhat proud of it and doesn't want to lose it. But it is very difficult for him to speak without stimulant of some kind, and he had devised many ways in which to take a drink on the fly. On this occasion the general arranged with one of his intimates that when he had been speaking for half an hour the friend should bring him a drink of whisky in a coffee cup.

The plan worked well up to a certain point. The general, at a signal from his friend, paused in his eloquent address to take his coffee. He turned and saw his friend standing before him with a cup and saucer in one hand and a glass of water in the other. One glance at the audience told him that the cat was out of the bag, and that his own exalted friend had given him a trick. Now, then, what do you say? Will you stand it? She's willing. Those big whiskers of yours'll take them at once and create harmony. You look like a solid capitalist, and they'll take me for a petty larceny thief! Of course the photographer couldn't refuse a favor so flatteringly proposed, and the distant relatives no doubt in due time were gratified with his portrait side by side with that of the young lady.

Why He Obtained a Substitute.

(Toronto Truth.)

A very good story was told the other day of a young man painfully conscious of an exterior scarcely worthy of his character. Accompanied by the young woman he had married, he stepped into a photographer's and drew the artist aside. He wanted their "picture" taken, but had a special favor to ask. "Her folks," he exclaimed, "go a good deal on style. They never saw me, and if I sent them my face they'd be mad again. I'm a sight better than I look, and when people come to know me they vote me a trick. Now, then, what do you say? Will you stand it? She's willing. Those big whiskers of yours'll take them at once and create harmony. You look like a solid capitalist, and they'll take me for a petty larceny thief! Of course the photographer couldn't refuse a favor so flatteringly proposed, and the distant relatives no doubt in due time were gratified with his portrait side by side with that of the young lady.

"Duke" Gwynn as a Surgeon.

(Baltimore Herald.)

A California congressman once related how "Duke" Gwynn cut off a Mexican's leg above the knee in a case where gangrene had set in. His only instruments were a butcher-knife, a hand-saw and a coarse needle and thread. There were no anesthetics at hand, so the Mexican was stupefied with whisky. In spite of these difficulties the amputation was completed, the arteries gathered and the stump bound up within fifteen minutes.

Cure for a Stye on the Eyelid.

(Exchange.)

Forge his "Cordelia" allude to the superstition that a wedding ring of gold, rubbed upon a stye upon the eyelid, was considered a sovereign remedy, but it required to be rubbed nine times. In Baunton and Fietev's "Mind Lovers" reference is made to this practice.

## ROBERTSON & KINNAIRD,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, &C.,  
DANVILLE, KY.

We come again with the announcement that our large store-room is filled from top to bottom with the best selected and most elegant stock of goods we have ever displayed. In our Dress Goods Department everything that is new and novel is represented: Boucles, Home Spun, Wool Frese, Canvass Cloths, Camel's Hair, Bourettes; in fact, everything new and desirable in way of Dress Goods.

Velvets, Velveteen, Corduroy, Yak Lace and Braids for Trimming to match the various shades. In Cloaks we offer inducements never before presented. We have a tremendous stock and at prices so low that you will be astonished. Elegant short Wraps, Russian Circulars, Newmarkets, Dolmans, &c. You should call early to make your selection; they are selling rapidly and we can not duplicate present prices.

In Staple Dry Goods we carry a much larger stock than any other House in Central Kentucky. Flannels were never so low as now. Of Canton Flannels, Jeans, Bleached and Brown Domestic, Prints, Satteens, Ginghams, &c., we have an unusually large stock at prices that will sell them every time.

Our stock of Fancy Goods and Notions is complete and attractive: Silk Plush and Felt in various shades, Arasine in Silk and Wool, Banner Rags and Ornaments, Trimming Buttons, Clasp, &c.

We wish to call special attention to our stock of Ladies' and Children's Underwear, which embraces a very large assortment at very reasonable prices. Corsets of all the best and most popular makes. (We can sell you a Corset for 50 cents which one year ago sold at \$1.) It is impossible for us to mention in this space the attractions which we have to offer you and it's useless to mention prices, for our reputation is established and will be maintained as selling the most goods for the least money of any House this side of the Kentucky River.

Come to see us and let us verify to you in person the statements we make on paper.

ROBERTSON & KINNAIRD,

DANVILLE, KENTUCKY.

ONLY COUSINS DON'T YOU SEE.

Charming cousin, tell me where

Shall I find one half so fair?

Let me, as I taste thy lip,

Swear how sweet is cousinship.

Like a sister? Yes, no doubt;

Still, not a sister out and out.

Who that ever had a sister

Felt her heart beat when he kissed her?

Who, by looking, ever knew

That his sister's eyes were blue?

Who, in name of all the loves,

Bets his sister pairs of gloves?

Charming cousin, still are you

Elster in a measure, too?

We can act as pleases us,

No one thinks it dangerous;

Talk of love or of the weather

How or rids or read together,

Wander where we will alone,

Careless of a chaperon;

You may dance with none but me—

Only cousins don't you see?

Cousins safely may forget

All the laws of etiquette.

Charming cousin, in your eyes

I can read a talent surprise.

Most bewitchingly they gladden

My no-nonsense as they listen.

What can Harry mean to say?

You may mean to know some day:

Just one word, sweet cousin mine,

Fire we go to dress and dine.

If I ever chance to woo,

Cousin, she must be like you;

And the one that comes the nearest

To yourself will be the dearest;

Type of what my love must be,

Cousin, what if you are she?

Buckley's Anna Salve

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises

Sores, Sift Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped

Hands, Chills, Burns, Corns and all Skin Eruptions,

and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It

is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money

refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by

Penny & McAllister.

What Can Be Done?

By trying again and keeping up courage many

things seemingly impossible may be attained.

Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Liver

Complaint have been cured by Electric Bitters,

after everything else had been tried in vain. So

don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric

Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure

and so perfect. Blood Purifier, Electric Bitters

will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases

of the Kidneys. Invaluable in affections of Stomach

and Liver, and overcomes all Urinary Difficulties.

Large Bottles only 50 cents a bottle at Penny &

McAllister.

Excitement in Texas

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity

of Paris, Texas, by the remarkable recovery of

Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not

turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he

was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr.

King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding re-

sult, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr.

King's New Life Pills, and by the time he had

taken two boxes of Pills and two boxes of the Dis-

covery he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-

six pounds. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery

for Consumption free at Penny & McAllister's.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this country we would say that

we have been given the Agency of Dr. March's

Italian Pile Ointment—entirely guaranteed

to cure or money refunded—Internal, External,

Blind Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box.

For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. March's Cat-

holicon, a Female Remedy, to cure Female Dis-

eases, such as Ovarian troubles, Induration and

Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing

down falling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of

Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses spring-

ing from the above, like Headache, Blotting, Spi-

rital Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility,

Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Drugg-

ists. Prices \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr.

J. B. March, Union, N. Y., for pamphlet, free.

For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

LEE F. HUFFMAN,

SURGEON DENTIST.

STANFORD, KY.

Office—South side Main Street, two doors above

the Myers Hotel.

Painful Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when re-

quired.

2 FINE LINCOLN FARMS

FOR SALE!

We offer for sale two of the best Farms in Lincoln

county, Ky. Both lie 3 miles from Hux-

tonville, on the Middleburg pike.

No. 1 Contains 340 Acres,

Well watered, fenced and improved. We will sell

200 acres out of the heart of it, or 255 acres or of

the whole lot.

No. 2 Contains 140 Acres,

Well improved, fenced and watered, lying just

across the pike from No. 1. Both Farms are nearly

all in grass and both are highly and productive.

Terms easy.

J. E. GIBBONS,

Hustonsville, Ky.

Don't Forget

—When needing anything in the line of—

Wall Paper Decorations, Paints, oils,

Varnishes, Window Glass, and

Painters' Supplies Gen-

erally,

—That—



W. P. WALTON.

THE editor of the Louisville Times, who had a couple of years' experience with the Buckeye democrats says: Though a Kentucky democrat, we are none the less an American citizen, and as such we have greater hopes of common good from such republicans as John Sherman and Joseph Foraker than from such pseudo-democrats as John McLean and George Hoadly. Forced to a choice between two evils we prefer the less. Possibly this is not pure democracy—it may be "queer democracy," as one esteemed contemporary designates it—but it is human nature and common sense. Hoadly is the architect of his own downfall, and the little Cincinnati Boss whose motto is rule or ruin has impaled himself on the right horn of his dilemma.

A CALL has been issued by some colored men for a convention of their race to meet at Lexington Nov. 29th, to take into consideration their civil and other rights that are now denied them. Delegates to the Convention will be chosen in the various counties at a Mass Meeting to be held at 12 m. on Nov. 19th and three delegates will be allowed to every 1,000 colored citizens and one additional for every fractional thousand over 500. Lincoln will be entitled to 10.

THE Breckinridge News makes this announcement: Col. R. D. Allen, of Kentucky Military Institute, has surrendered his credentials as a Methodist preacher. He is pluming himself for the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and aware of the existing prejudice against preachers for the place has sought to relieve himself of the burden. It is doubtful if the bid will be accepted by the people.

WE present to our readers to-day a tolerably fair picture of Emmett G. Logan, editor of the Louisville Times. The outline is good but the artist has failed to catch the fine expression of countenance which so strikingly characterizes the gentleman pictured. It is our intention to give a cut and sketch each of a number of our Kentucky editorial friends and they will be published as fast as prepared.

THE citizens of Louisville do not take kindly to the proposition of the managers of the Louisville Southern railroad scheme to subscribe \$1,000,000 towards its construction. With a tax of 2 1/2 per cent. the average property holder thinks his burden even more than sufficient.

A COMPILER of criminal records finds that there are almost four murders in the United States to one in England, the same number of people being compared. Spain is the only country approaching anywhere near our record and there murders are more than a third less.

THE Louisville Exposition, which appears to be a success financially, as it is admitted to be intrinsically, will end next Saturday night. Those who have not visited it, should embrace the short opportunity left them.

FORAKER's majority in Ohio is about 16,000 but the legislature is yet in doubt, with the chances in favor of the republicans. The official count began yesterday.

WE regret to note the death of the estimable wife of Col. S. I. M. Major, of the Frankfort Yeoman, which occurred in Louisville Saturday.

THE democratic majority in the next lower House of Congress will be 43. It was 75 in the last.

## NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—At Minneapolis 175,000 barrels of flour are made in a day.

—Frankfort has new water-works with a capacity of 2,000,000 gallons per day.

—Frederick Greiner was hung at Columbus, O., Friday for the murder of his sweetheart.

—George Long, a car repairer, killed John Clarke, an engineer on the L. & N., at Erlington.

—The President has appointed C. Meyer Zalick, of Arizona, to be Governor of that Territory.

—The city license to sell whiskey in Richmond is \$1,000 in addition to the Federal and State license.

—William Anderson, who killed a brakeman on the L. & N. some months ago, has been lynched in Texas.

—Dr. T. P. Caldwell has been appointed Pension Agent at London on the recommendation of Gov. McCreary.

—The gross revenues of the Pullman Palace Car Co. for the fiscal year were \$5,613,628.79, of which \$1,248,024.41 were net.

—"Bill Jones, the avenger," who shot at Guiteau, was tried a few days ago for robbing a man of \$180, but was only convicted of assault and fined \$50.

—John E. Massey, democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor in Virginia, is seriously ill with pneumonia at his home in Albemarle.

—We will allow thirty cents apiece for grown hens to parties whose paper has been stopped and are still owing us for it. [Blakely (Ga.) News.]

—A box containing the bodies of nine infants which had been prematurely born, was found in a spring at Dyersville, Ia., from which the town had been getting its chief water supply.

—Since 1879 the South has built 7,000 miles of new railroad, besides improving old roads, relaying tracks with steel rails, etc. In the same time the assessed value of property has increased \$900,000,000.

—Yesterday a colored man in Clark county went into a hay loft to throw down some hay to his horses. He plunged a pitch fork down into the hay and stuck it into an escaped negro convict hiding beneath. The convict jumped up, attacked the man, who drew a pistol and shot him in the back of the head, badly wounding but not killing him. [Lexington Transcript.]

—By a collision between an express and an emigrant train on the Pennsylvania road, near Hickersick bridge, in New Jersey, Sunday, eight persons were killed outright and many others wounded. On the Boston & Lowell road three persons were killed and five injured by a collision and 30 miles west of Memphis Doris' circus train was derailed, wrecking four cars loaded with animals. No lives were lost.

## DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Court of claims is in session to-day and nearly everybody wants "a little something" out of the country treasury.

—Ben Robinson bought of Garrard county parties 200 fat hogs at 3 cents. They were shipped to Covington on Saturday.

—The democratic county committee will meet to-day and select a time and method for nominating candidates for county officers.

—A lovely picture of "Aurora," painted by Mrs. M. J. Farrie, one of Miss Mary McRoberts' pupils, is on exhibition at Evans' drug store.

—Dr. J. C. Boyle and bride, (Miss Della McFerran) were the recipients of many handsome and useful presents from their friends last Thursday, the day of their marriage.

—The Boyle county Historical Society has published in pamphlet form the scholarly and able address delivered before it last May by Judge A. P. Humphrey, of Louisville.

—Mr. M. C. Thurman, owing to temporary embarrassments, has been compelled to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. Mr. D. N. Hinman is the assignee.

—Transylvania Presbytery will convene at the 23 Presbyterian church Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. The session will be a short one, at Synod meets at Covington on Wednesday and those in attendance desire to attend that body.

—The friends of Mr. Edward McCarty, of this place, deeply sympathize with him in the loss of his little son, Edward Joseph, who died in Lincoln county Sunday evening. The funeral will take place from St. Paul's church, this city, at 3 o'clock this evening.

—Col. Logan McKee left Wednesday for Ocoee, Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo., to be absent about ten days. He was accompanied by Mr. Theo. Tunia, who may conclude to remain in Missouri. Dr. Howard Crutcher, of Chicago, is here on a visit to the family of his father, Rev. S. W. Crutcher. Col. John Cowan and J. E. Farrie are here to-day.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. Darbishire, (Miss Annie Shelby) who married some months ago and went immediately to Europe, are now in Staunton, Va., and will be in this vicinity in a few days on a visit to the lady's parents, Col. and Mrs. Isaac Shelby, Jr. She will remain in Kentucky a few weeks when they will go to Florida, where they have a winter home.

—President Beatty, of Centre College, has consented to deliver a baccalaureate address to the senior class at the beginning of the next commencement. A sermon is usually preached on such occasions by a minister of the gospel, but as this is the last year of Dr. Beatty's connection with the College, he has acceded to the request of the seniors and will address them as above stated.

## GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

## Lancaster.

—Mrs. David Ross, died last Friday of flux, at her husband's residence, near Paint Lick, this county.

—A careless mail agent failed to put off any mail for this place Saturday evening, hence no newspapers for Sunday reading.

—Moses Ray and Miss Etta Land obtained marriage license last week. Both are residents of Garrard. Similar documents were issued to Mr. Nathaniel Prewitt and Miss Eliza A. Curtis.

—Lancaster never had the timidity to use any attempts to bull the Duke market when dukes were popular, but as to the matter of "mowers" she raised her voice to remark that they are plentiful and of good quality.

—The matrimonial boom has not yet commenced here but it's merely a matter of time. Lower Garrard will open the ball in a few weeks with two or three prominent weddings to be followed by as many more in this place.

—Mason & Morgan's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. drew a large audience at the hall Saturday evening. The performance was above the average and the crowd appeared to be well pleased. It is rather remarkable that the play had never before been produced in this place.

—Mr. Walker Landrum and family left Monday morning for Washington Territory where they will reside in the future. We wish them success in their new home. Miss Honeywood Hoffman has returned from Winchester where she has been spending the summer. Mrs. R. E. McRoberts has returned from a visit to her parents at Hopkintonville. Mr. Hugh Logan came all the way from Harrodsburg to see the show. Mr. J. P. Sandifer went to Louisville Monday. John K. Faulkner, Jr. has obtained a position as traveling salesman for a Louisville tobacco firm. Mr. J. C. Hemphill is clerking for R. H. Bateson.

The deepest sea soundings known were made in the Pacific, where the line reached down 4,575 fathoms, and off the east coast of Japan, 4,600 fathoms. Thus it seems that the greatest heights of mountains and the greatest depths of the ocean correspond very nearly.

## A Visit to Shakerstown and Other Items.

[To the Editor of The Interior Journal.]

PLEASANT HILL, Oct. 18.—Those who have had opportunities to visit this beautiful village and did not avail themselves of them will never know what a rare treat they will never know. With a lively party of friends, the writer came here to-day to attend public worship of "the Shakers," but as one of the aged Elders of their Society had crossed the dark river of death and was to be buried this morning, no religious services were held, which occasioned no little disappointment to the large crowd of visitors who had driven here from the surrounding towns and country for that purpose. The burial services of the deceased brother were novel in many respects, and quite a number of the members of their Society spoke of the good traits of character of the departed, alternately. Their singing is a feature of their services that will catch a lover of music every time. Elder Benjamin B. Danniav, who seems to be one of the ruling spirits here, kindly "showed us around" and explained to us the mysterious workings of the village. They do everything in a business like way and with a degree of accuracy simply amazing. Some of the young ladies of our crowd, who seem to have boys on the brain at all times, learned to-day for the first time that the Shakers allow no mixing or communication whatever between the men and women of their Society, and with a look of disgust our young ladies exclaimed that if such was the case they could never join the Shakers. While they were discussing this subject I thought of how blank would seem the lives of a majority of the young men of Stanford, especially those of a young merchant who recently went there from Lebanon and a young physician, if there was not "a woman in the case" at all times. In justice to a goodly number of the young ladies of Stanford, I will parenthetically remark in this connection that they admire the moon none the less because there is "a man in it." This kind of a life seems to agree with the Shakers, however, and I noticed among them to-day quite a number of women and men who had long since lived out their three score and ten and were yet apparently hale, hearty and happy. There are nearly three hundred Shakers here now and their good nature and hospitality is enjoyed by all who come here on a visit.

While near Salina last night I learned that Rev. W. A. Simmons, who is well-known in Stanford and has many warm friends there, has almost lost the power of speech and on account thereof has given up charge of the Salina Baptist church, of which he has been the successful pastor for quite a while. This information was obtained from one of the members of his church, and of course there can be no mistake about this sad misfortune having befallen this good and brilliant young divine. A few weeks since I saw in a copy of your paper paragraph stating that a baby had made its appearance at the home of an enterprising and progressive gentleman of Lincoln, which was so diminutive that a quarter of a dollar would entirely cover its hand. At first I was of opinion that it was only a newspaper man "stretching the blanket" or manufacturing an item, as is the case sometimes; but this afternoon I looked upon the imposing form of a three-weeks old baby at the residence of a prominent Mercer farmer, which weighs just a little over one and three fourths pounds. Exaggerating but little, it can be stated that if this child was wrapped up in a paper dollar bill, sufficient paper would be left to make a comfortable pillow for the little fellow, who has been named "Joe," probably in honor of the biblical gentleman possessing "the coat of many colors." If "Craddock," of the Paris True Kentuckian, can get up a smaller one than this on short notice, he will please do so, though I have the papers as to the size of this baby. I might mention the name of the father of this child, but as he does not like to be mixed up in small matters, his identity is not made public. The baby is doing well.

Mr. Abe Coleman, a prominent Mercer county horseman, has just returned from a successful trip through a number of States attending the Fairs with his fine horses, and he tells me that one of them wore the blue tie out the St. Louis ring, in which there were between 40 and 50 competitors. He and the beautiful Miss May Hundley, of Washington county, also obtained the prize at the Bardonia Fair for the handsomest couple and most stylish turnout, over Mr. Wm. M. Rue and wife, of Danville, and other well-known and generally acknowledged handsome couples.

A drive through the picturesque and fertile county of Mercer at this season of the year will almost make an observer form the opinion that sufficient crops of corn and tobacco have been raised in this county alone this season to supply Kentucky for a year or so.

It is authoritatively stated that eight or ten weddings will take place in Harrodsburg and vicinity this week, about four of them in one day. SRETAU.

Mr. D. B. Edmiston Not a Candidate.

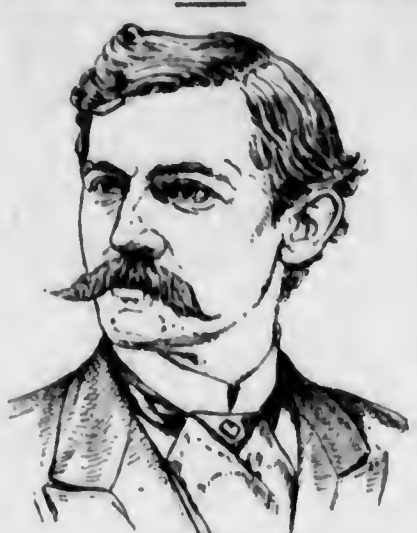
[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

STANFORD, Oct. 19.—While I have made no announcement of the fact, I suppose it was generally understood by the voters of Lincoln county, that I would be a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk. But a position has recently been tendered me which I have reason to believe will be more profitable than the office of County Clerk, and I have therefore accepted it. My object then in writing this card is to say that I will not be a candidate, and to express my thanks to a large number of the voters of Lincoln county, who, without solicitation tendered me their support in the event I became a candidate. For this evidence of their confidence and good will I feel very grateful. Respectfully,

D. B. EDMISTON.

—A convention of railroad conductors is in session in Louisville.

## DISTINGUISHED KENTUCKY EDITORS.



EMMETT GARVIN LOGAN, whose handsome features are endeavored to be portrayed above, is one of the very brightest as well as the most popular journalists in the State. Born in Shelby county somewhere in latter part of the '40s, he entered the Washington & Lee University at an early age and in a few years graduated with distinction. Of his school life Mr. T. P. Gray wrote as follows a few years ago in the *Modern Age*, of Kansas City:

"His chief distinction at College was won by his wonderful fluency as a speaker. At the middle of his first session he was chosen as one of the society orators, and electrified his large and critical audience by an oration on Lord Byron. From that time onward Logan was famous. He was the pride of Kentuckians, of whom there were a great many at the University, the idol of the ladies, and perhaps the most popular student of the four hundred who were there from all over the South. With his striking face and distinguished features—he stands six feet, two, and shoes—aided by a manner most peculiarly fascinating, these things were not to be wondered at. The strong-minded, but rather cynical, eldest daughter of the late General R. E. Lee, was his most enthusiastic admirer, and immediately after the great 'Byron Speech,' claimed him as her protégé—and he is no doubt indebted to the influence of the highly cultured social coterie of which he thus became the central star, for much of that genuine refinement of mind and feeling that has ever marked the man and journalist."

Returning to his home in Shelbyville, he shortly afterwards made his first venture into journalism, by starting a weekly paper, which he named the *Countess*. The ability with which it was edited was the subject of general newspaper remark and more than one prophesied the distinguished future of the embryo journalist. But with all his accomplishments Mr. Logan is far from being a financier and is as ignorant of the ways of money getting as a child. The *Countess* was therefore a failure financially and after a year or two the enterprise was abandoned. He readily obtained a position on the *Courier-Journal*, which had observed his sprightliness and he became editor of the Kentucky and Southern News Column and at once made it a decided feature of the paper. He remained on the paper for several years and until Gov. Underwood started the *Intelligencer* at Bowling Green. Then he and that other journalistic luminary, Col. E. Polk Johnson, cast their fortunes with it.

But the C. J. soon found that Logan was a necessary adjunct to its editorial make up and he was elevated to the position of managing editor to return, a position which he filled with great credit to himself and satisfaction to the proprietors and readers of that great paper. His true sense seems to be to write terse, pointed and pungent editorial paragraphs and he gave it full sway in writing them under the inspiration of late dispatches. He also contributed many leading editorials, which were frequently attributed to Mr. Watterson.

In October 1882, when Gov. Underwood made his second newspaper venture in the form of the *Cincinnati News*, he prevailed on Mr. Logan to accept the managing editorship, making the pecuniary inducement, a question not to be ignored even by a careless man in money matters. Under his control the paper soon took a leading place in Ohio politics and was the principal factor in the election of Gov. Hoadly in that usually republican State. He spent a couple of years in the Paris of America and then returned to Louisville, where in May, 1884, with his old friend, Polk Johnson, he launched that excellent craft, which has since proved so popular and so successful, the *Louisville Evening Times*, and upon which he is now putting his besticks.

So much for his public career. His private life's story will be fully as interesting to his friends all over the State and to his many relatives in this county. It seems that while he was siding in making the Bowling Green paper so bright and new, he still had some spare moments to devote to the gentler sex. It was then he met the lovely Miss Lena Covington, daughter of Dr. Albert Covington. They at once recognized their affinity and after the usual period of love-making, were made one after God's holy ordinance November 13th, 1881. A bright, pretty boy, a real clip of the old block, now blesses the union and in their handsome brown stone front in Louisville, he spends in quiet happiness, the hours not devoted to his most exacting profession. Already ranking with Mr. Watterson and the other great editorial writers of the day, Mr. Logan's star is in the ascendant and he is destined to win even greater fame than he. When this is accomplished, as it is sure to be, no friend of the gentleman so imperfectly sketched will be prouder than the writer of these lines.

## GEORGE S. CARPENTER

Is a Candidate for County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democracy.

## E. D. KENNEDY

Is a Candidate for Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

## W. H. HIGGINS

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Older Mills, Lap Covers, Ribs, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden, and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Gutting will have prompt attention.

Salesmen { W. B. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

## THE NEW GROCERY AND HARDWARE HOUSE OF

## TAYLOR BROS.

HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Would kindly ask your attention to the fact that they have just returned from the cities with a large and well selected stock of CHOICE

## FAMILY GROCERIES

In endless variety, daily in quality and satisfactory in price; this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

## OUR HARDWARE AND POCKET CUTLERY

Consists of the Standard Brands of Europe and America. Our large line of Cooking Stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites. Our China, Glass and Queensware stock consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete, Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of Breadstuffs we have Buckwheat Flour, the queen of all flours. Our celebrated Patent "G. M." Flour, unrivalled for cake and pastry, white Rice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, arrayed as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in Foreign and Domestic Collections are here. Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric Lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits and a complete line of Cigars and Tobacco. Well, this is only a hint of what we have. Indulging that we can make it to your interest, we cordially ask an examination of our goods and your patronage. Respectfully, TAYLOR BROTHERS.

## Penny &amp; M'Alister

## PHARMACISTS.

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

## JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

## B. K. WEAREN,

## UNDERTAKER,

## Dealer in Furniture!

A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware room opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

## PLEASE DON'T FORGET

That we carry the Largest Stock of Groceries, Hardware and Queensware in the city;

That we are Millers' Agents and wholesale depot for Flour and Meal;

That our stock of Pleasure Vehicles, including everything from a Road Cart to a Barouche, is always complete,

And that we guarantee Lowest Prices, style and finish considered.

Also, that we still handle the celebrated Wagons, "Old Hickory" and Mitchell.

Big line of Farming Implements, Grain Drills, Turning Plows, both riding and walking,

And all of which we guarantee at Lowest prices.

## BRIGHT &amp; METCALF,

SUCCESSORS TO BRIGHT & CURRAN.







## ARMY MUSIC.

HOW AN ARMY COOK WAS CHARMED  
BY A REGIMENTAL BAND.A Monster Band at a Grand Review—  
Kilpatrick in Charge of a Regular  
Virginia Breakdown—The  
First Shell.

[St. Louis Republic.]

Mr. Lloyd Harris, of St. Louis, contributes the following from a rather extensive budget of war papers already published: Many of the veterans of the Army of the Potomac remember the splendid band of the Fourth-teenth Brooklyn zouaves. Wherever they appeared in their gay uniform and started one of their inspiring tunes the effect on all the colored soldiers was electrical. One day while we were camped back of the Arlington our house-sable cook had started with our coffee pot in his hand from an open fire toward the tent where were the Plummers and I were waiting for his arrival. Just at the moment the Fourteenth band struck up "Dixie" as they were passing by, and away started the cook, still holding the coffee-pot, completely entranced by the music, and never stopped until the tune had ended and he was half a mile from the tent. On his return he looked very foolish and ventured: "Captain, we never heard such music as that in old Virginia."

The same band united with several others and made a monster band at McClellan's grand review, 120 silver instruments, thirty-tonor and ten-bass drums, all under one leader, formed the brightest feature of the grandest review ever witnessed in this country.

On our way to Fredericksburg, in 1862, we had camped for a day, and late in the afternoon our attention was attracted by the music of a band in a grove only half a mile away, who kept playing one lively air for so long a time that some of us proposed to go over and see what the fun was about. At this time Kilpatrick was lieutenant colonel of the Harris light cavalry, afterward called by prejudicial infantry "Kilpatrick's thieves." When we reached the grove a very funny sight greeted us. The band was still playing, but nearly exhausted. Kilpatrick, elevated by standing on a barrel-head, was shouting directions to at least fifty dark men, women and children, old and young, who were dancing a breakdown in the true Virginia style, the sweat pouring off from them. The band leader appealed to Kilpatrick in behalf of his wind-broken band, but in vain. "Kil!" shouted back, "Play till you wear the darkies out, then yell to the darkies, 'Keep it up, boys and girls, you will beat the band sure.'"

Aye, there stood the man who was afterward celebrated in history, Gen. Kilpatrick, the raider, prompting the most amusing dance ever witnessed. No modern minstrel troupe has ever equalled it. His officers were just as busy as he was, and one of them passed around the hat, to which the spectators responded liberally, then, just as the band blew a last and dismal blast, Kilpatrick threw the contents of the hat among the contrabands. Such a scene: down on all fours, scrambling, pushing, and screaming, until the last silver piece had been secured. Kilpatrick came down from the barrel, and in his ever genial manner shook hands with us, saying: "Generalman of the Sixth, I am glad to see you. You will excuse this little party, for it is not often that we have such fun, and at the same time give active employment to the contrabands."

The iron brigade in crossing the Rappahannock river to participate in the battle of Fredericksburg were hidden by a dense fog from the enemy and one of the regiments, the Twenty-fourth Michigan, who were to receive their first baptism under fire, were marching in front of the old Sixth veterans, colors flying, the band playing "Hail Columbia, Happy Land," when, alas! the sun appeared, the fog lifted and the train guns of half a dozen rebel batteries opened their work of destruction. Almost the first shell landed in the midst of the band and scattered them right and left. Those who survived beat a hasty retreat to the sheltering bank of the river, and brave Col. Morris kept his gallant regiment "well in hand" shouting, "Steady, men, those Wisconsin men are watching you." I do not remember of ever seeing that band in any of the hard-fought battles their regiment afterward participated in.

Only a Coward Not Nor-West.

[Rich. Gen. Conly, in National Tribune.] We had in the Twenty-third Ohio (Hayes' regiment) a quaint old character—an enlisted musketeer—whose name I would not mention for anything. Just before the battle of South Mountain he came to me and asked me to step aside with him a moment. I did so, and he said: "My 'old major, I am a coward! I did not know it. I thought I could help the country, but I was just a fool, and wasn't it I, enlisted. Now I have found that I can't go into a fight! I can't, major, if you should kill me! I shall be disgraced, and all the folks at home will know it. I can never hold my head up again if I try to go into this fight. Can't you do something for me? Give me something to do that ain't fighting and I'll do anything. Oh, for God's sake, major, think of something and save me from this disgrace!"

The poor fellow was half frantic in his distress. I thought a moment and said: "A—do you think you could carry water for the men while they are fighting? It is going to be a awful hot day, and a canteen of fresh water will be about the greatest luxury the men could have under fire. Can you carry water for them?" "Oh, yes! Thank you, major." Well, now, in the thickest of that fight, where the regiment lost within eight men of half that went into action, old A—would come to the front loaded down with canteens, delivering them, and taking up the empty ones along the line. Between bayonet charges the men were begging the ground like a long-dost brother, under such a storm of nine balls did not seem to have any unoccupied space in the air. Old A—would prance down the line delivering canteens to the panting men without any more sense of fear than the bravest man in the army, until his last canteen of water was gone, then he would give a wild yell and dash for the rear as if the devil was after him.

The Songstress' Reply.

[Exchange.] It is told of Gubbehl that when she visited Russia in 1793 Catherine wished to engage her services, for which the songstress demanded a salary of 5,000 ducats. "Far too much," said the empress, amazed. "Why, that is more than I pay my field marshals." "Then let your field marshals sing for you," was the swift rejoinder of the singer.

Conkling as a Saxon.

A Carlinist correspondent says of Horace Conkling: "When he makes his appearance on the promenade his stalwart form creates a sensation, and, being a decided blonde, he is taken for a Saxon, of whom there are many to be seen at this place."

## ARTEMUS WARD, THE HUMORIST.

His Ideas of Fun—Last Days of His Existence—His Magnetic Control.

[Dr. Robert Morris in Courier-Journal.] In appearance "the genial humorist," as he was distinctively styled, was tall, slender, light-complexioned, with prominent features, fair hair, and eyes that twinkled with mirth. Brimfull of good fellowship, he was generous to a fault. He expressed to me his firm belief in the truths of the Christian religion, and in none of his writings or lectures were there any derogatory remarks upon religion or its professors or teachers. Profanity he abhorred, declaring that it was not funny, and if funny, it was indecent and vulgar. He agreed with Samuel Johnson that jesting upon holy things was so easy an accomplishment that no real humorist would indulge in it.

Like all victims to the infectious disease—consumption—Ward grew more and more cheerful and hopeful of recovery as he approached the end, and his last utterance was a pleasant allusion to the prince of Wales, who just then (1867) was receiving many presents. He said to his companion: "I believe I will make over my panorama to his royal highness as one who has been cheerful and aided him in his early struggles. Had I known of his condition in time I would have made a winter journey over the sea to extend to him a parting hand."

An English writer describes him as he appeared in those last months, in the horrible winter climate of London. Sometimes he was profoundly dejected, at others shy or reproachful. He seemed nervous and anxious to please, yet with a certain tremble in his eye that convinced you of his perfect sangfroid, and one thing always—full, unceasingly full, of fun. His humor was delicate, everescent and personal. He had a loving disposition, but was of a proud and independent spirit. The bursts of quaint humor connected with his history could only live in the subtle atmosphere which his presence created. Within five minutes after commencing a lecture his audience responded to his slightest breath. The original who appeared before them demure, impassive, quite simple, unaffected, slightly gauche, twiddling his little dudish cane, played in reality upon his audience as upon an old fiddle. People not accustomed to him laughed out of time, laughed before he spoke, and he laughed at his laughs, which were pregnant with laughter. There was a stronger case of magnetic control.

His tall, gaunt, though slender figure; his curly, light hair, and large, aquiline nose, which always reminded me of a parrot; his thin face, flushed with consumption; his little cough, which seemed to shake him to pieces, and which he said was wearing him; and which he remarked was all laughable, and then felt ashamed of himself for laughing, but he seemed to enjoy his cough, and showed it to us on all sides, and puffed it, and was evidently proud of it. It was all a part of his queer, topsy-turvy mind, in which everything seemed most natural when upside down.

The Hotel Bill of Fare.

[Philadelphia Times.] Amid all the fierce competition of summer resorts, it is strange that no hotel-keeper has yet arisen with genius or courage sufficient to make a new departure in the bill of fare. The effort of these estimable men is the same—to make the longest possible list of dinner dishes. And the effort of all their guests is constantly the same—to find some fault in the list that they care not eat. After many experiments, more or less disastrous, or, in the case of old stagers, without taking any new risks, they commonly settle down upon a few of the plainest items that the menu offers. The rest remain untasted.

So universal is this experience of the futility of the bill of fare that one can not but marvel to find it year after year unchanged. One wants the dozen kinds of roast and boiled meats, the score of entrees, all tasting alike; the pretentious array of canned vegetables and the innumerable other imitations or repetitions of the same old bill of fare presented at every hotel throughout the winter! Nobody cares to sample all these things, and most of them would never be sampled more than once by the same person. And yet they must occupy a great deal of attention from the cooks, which might be concentrated with much better effect upon the few things that the guests do eat.

It is apparently an inseparable part of the American hotel system that everything which comes out of one kitchen must have the same flavor, and thus even the variety that is promised by the long bill of fare proves only a more aggravated monotony. If the cooks could be persuaded to drop two-thirds of their alleged French dishes and devote themselves to the rational preparation of a good square meal, well chosen, well cooked and well served, the health, comfort and good humor of the guests would be wonderfully promoted and the fortunes of the hotel could not fail to be advanced. There is a wide field for hotel reform here, in which money may be both made and saved.

The Confederate Cruisers.

[Chicago Journal.] The hearing and adjudication of the various claims which have been pending for some time before what is known as the Alabama claims commission, in Washington, disclose some very interesting facts about the depredations of the Confederate cruisers upon American commerce during the civil war. The damage done to unarmed vessels, however trifling it may have been to the Union side in the late contest, was of little practical benefit or importance to the Confederate cause.

The claims presented to the Geneva tribunal for damages done by Confederate cruisers aggregated \$23,438,173.31, of which the Alabama destroyed \$7,959,233.79; the Batou, \$430; the Cushman, \$130,070.73; the Florida, \$406,631.02; the Clarence, tender of the Florida, \$60,536.10; the Teacy, tender of the Florida, \$169,198.51; the Georgia, \$131,193.72; the Jefferson Davis, \$7,752; the Nashville, \$108,433.03; the Retribution, \$29,019.33; the Sally, \$3,540; the Shenandoah, \$2,033,833.31; the Sumter, \$179,037.67; the miscellaneous damage was \$179,033, and increased insurance, \$6,149,219.71. There were 715 American vessels, of an average tonnage amounting to 459,352 tons transferred to British registry. The foreign commerce of the United States 70 per cent. of which in 1859 was carried in American vessels, fell to 35 per cent. at the close of the war, in consequence of the terror inspired by the Confederate cruisers.

Two Months' Intercourse.

[Philadelphia Bulletin.] The manners of people at summer hotels furnish a boundless field for study. A year or two ago two Philadelphia ladies arrived at Lake Umbagog and were placed at a table actually occupied by an Albany party of six, bearing aristocratic names that contrasted strikingly with their behavior. For two months these patrician Albanians sat at the little table with addressing a word of the little table to the Philadelphia ladies. At the close of that period the Albany ladies suddenly remarked: "We leave you to-day." Whereupon the braver Philadelphia lady said: "Indeed!" And so the two months' constant intercourse began and ended.

—The new postal cards cost the Government \$47.71 per thousand.

## HONEST ESQUIMAUX.

THIEVING AMONG THEM ALMOST WHOLLY UNKNOWN.

Absence of "Hoggishness"—Low Wages but No Stealing—A Communist Method of Borrowing Articles in Case of Necessity.

[Ident. Schwartz in New York Times.] After all, the Esquimaux do not seem to have a very good idea of comparative value in their exchanges, the present necessity for an article governing them far more than any other consideration. If a needle or a nail or other cheap and simple article is needed at once a fox-skin or a blade of walrusbone will be willingly exchanged for it. If they have naturally acquired the value of the tribe with these articles for an indefinite period. For a summer's work on a whaler—about two months—they generally receive a cheap breech-loading gun, bought in the United States for \$4 to \$6, and \$3 or \$3 worth of ammunition. Things on which they have worked patiently for months they will trade away for some civilized trinket that could not have occurred more than a few minutes in its manufacture. Nor are they much more considerate in their exchanges of commodities with each other, and the most incongruous payments are often made by them.

I never saw any display of that characteristic among Indians, and generally known by the ethno title of "hoggishness," wherein a liberal gift to one for an article must be added to in purchasing the same from another. To prevent this supposititious trait I determined at once to fix a standard of value in obtaining dogs from them, large numbers of which I needed for my anticipated sled journey, but as I had placed the remuneration at good rates, I never had occasion to wrangle over it with them. In fact, such contentions are wholly unknown among these Esquimaux in dealing with strangers and with each other. Even when several whalers are wintering in their vicinity, and one is unusually stingy in payments and others conspicuously generous, the former is not "boycotted" altogether in the amount of meat, furs, clothing, and other material they have for them all.

Thieving among these bands is almost wholly unknown, and this has long been their character. A British exploring expedition that wintered among them over a half century ago, speaks of this virtue among them. A small party of Esquimaux had built their igloo, or snow-house, near the ships of this expedition—that is two or three miles distant—and a number of the white people visited them. Upon returning to the ship one person noticed that he had lost a glove, and supposed that it might have been purloined by the natives, until one of them, who had followed the party, returned the glove, having walked the entire distance for that purpose. Two dogs were purchased of them by one ship's crew. They disappeared one night, and the next morning the two dogs were found on the deck of the other ship. After the dogs had broken loose from one ship and had returned to their village, their original owner had brought them back in the night, and by mistake had returned them to the wrong vessel. Surely they carry out the Biblical injunction to avoid even the appearance of evil in a manner that would stand with the conduct of some civilized people.

When I lived among their party we never cared to collect tools or other things left around the house, and I do not now recall that we ever missed an article. The party left a large amount of trading material, amounting in value to probably \$1,000 or \$2,000, in a snow-house in the village, and visited the whole place over 100 miles away, and nothing was touched during its absence. I have already noted for what trifling wages the Esquimaux work hard all summer, and yet here was enough to be had by stealing to supply them for a number of years. The protection in a snow house is about equal to that in a tent with the flap tied, or a house with an unlocked door. During most of our absence no Esquimaux lived in the village, but they were away walrusing in snow houses some two or three miles distant, and thus no one was left to guard the house, rendering thieving very easy. Had any one stolen anything, and been detected, there is no penalty provided for the offense or for any other crime committed.

The only time when the integrity of any one of the village natives was questioned was when a member of my party lost a valuable parkie. It disappeared mysteriously at the same time with an Inuit who bore the worst reputation in this particular line in the tribe, although none of them could furnish a bill of particulars as to any single definite act of his in the past. We were living in the snow-houses at the time, but the summer came and the igloo had melted, and the record of our loss was found on the ground on the site of our old snow-house, and this supposed charge against the Esquimaux was thrown out of court. They have a method among themselves of borrowing articles in the most communicative way without any waste of words. Under all circumstances, however, such articles are sure to be returned to their original owner.

If they are out of oil for their lamps or provisions and find a canister (of large stones) containing oil or meat of any kind, they do not hesitate to break into it and take enough to relieve their immediate necessities—never more—and attach a stick stuck up in the snow alongside the despoiled canister in full for what has been taken therefrom in the way of a snow-knife, a bag of bullets, or whatever they may have handy, and know well how to use it to the other party whose meat or oil has been taken. If this owner belongs to the same village as the traveler the former will be compensated when they meet. This snow-knife or bag of bullets, or what not, that has been suspended as collateral from the upright stick may dangle there for a month or two, and all the Esquimaux within traveling distance may pass it daily and it will never be noticed until the owner comes along looking for his oil or meat.

I know an Inuit hunter who visited the whale ships at Marble Island on leaving the mainland to cross the ice to the island, and when all chances of seeing game ended, took his breech-loading rifle, an inestimable prize in their eyes, and, planting his butt in the deep snow leave it standing upright on the native line of travel to the ships. I saw it about two weeks after it had been put there on my way to the ships, and again about four weeks after that when returning. I suppose 100 or 200 Inuit passed it, nine-tenths of whom would have given a year's labor for it, but the owner brought it home at last when he returned to his village. I have noticed this frequently among the Esquimaux.

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## Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 40 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

## Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McLellan, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emaciated; but by using

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